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*Morning Post*, April 26, 1860.  
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## Reviews.

AMONG a whole library of new publications, republications, new editions, reprints of old editions, &c. &c. that have lain in wait for the cessation of operas, oratorios, and concerts, to receive the attention to which their merits entitle them, we "stumble over" (without injury) a few of the earlier productions of M. Stephen Heller. The fresh look of their "exterior" encourages the belief (and warrants the hope) that Messrs. Ashdown and Parry intend re-bringing to light some of the most interesting features in the rich catalogue bequeathed to them\* by their predecessors, Messrs. Wessel and Stapleton. If so, we are glad; and a better beginning could hardly be made than with some of the youngest (and freshest) compositions for the pianoforte of one, who, besides being gifted with marked originality, has striven his utmost from the outset of his career, and without one solitary dereliction from the right path, to elevate the art of which he is one of the worthiest modern representatives. Among the small number of "producers" who have devoted themselves in the course of the last quarter of a century, and with an earnestness equal to their ability, to enrich and vary the repertory of the pianoforte, M. Stephen Heller is deservedly accorded an eminent place. True, the spirit of the time has influenced him as it has influenced others, of as great, if not of greater talent. What he has given to the world, however, fully entitles him to be classed with those composers for the most universal of instruments, whom even their immediate contemporaries willingly accept as models, and whose works are in all probability destined to outlive the age in which they were originated.

The early pieces "upon," or "over," which we have but this instant "stumbled" (without injury)—to carry out our fishy metaphor—do not properly belong to the minnow-pond, however short in dimensions and unpretending in character, but rather to the trout-stream, their flavour being thoroughly genuine and excellent. First to take by the tails "and shake in the sun," are *Deux Caprices*, Op. 19 (Ashdown and Parry). These *Caprices* are both built upon one theme, viz. a melody by M. Henri Reber. About M. Reber this is not the place to speak. Enough that he is one of the composers haunting Paris and its environs, who have, with more or less sincerity, and more or less success, dedicated their efforts to the higher forms of art. The melody caught by M. Stephen Heller (an expert fisher in the waters of melody, although not nourished exclusively on fish) for the purposes of his *Deux Caprices*, is not inappropriately styled "La Captive." In its normal (sub-aqueous) shape it may possibly have been a vocal romance. Though piquant and pretty, it could hardly have laid any pretensions to be classed much higher than in the glittering tribe of "minnows;" but M. Heller, by the magic of his culinary process, has served it up as a pair of likely trout, seasoned with palate-tickling sauces. To quit trope, however, he has first given us the melody simply, in the key of A major, with a sort of pastoral accompaniment—possibly as it started originally from the brain of M. Reber. The first *caprice* consists of little more than the bare tune, which M. Heller has neatly but unostentatiously presented in the native key, but set off with harmony of a wholly different character, the technical form being a syncopated *arpeggio*, divided between the two hands, and carried out with dexterous completeness (and, it may be added, with *sinistrous*, also—the left hand being allotted quite as much to

do as its companion). This *Caprice*, indeed, assumes the conditions of an attractive *Song without Words*, easy to play and easy to appreciate.

The second *Caprice*—again in A major (*allegro vivo*)—is much less accommodating to the executant, besides being much longer. An imitation of the original melody of M. Reber is first entrusted to the left hand, while to the right devolves some graceful passages in semiquavers. The order of distribution is then reversed, the right hand taking the melody and the left the semiquaver passages, a not very strict exemplification of double-counterpoint—of which, doubtless, M. Heller never once thought while constructing it. The whole is worked into a brilliant and effective movement, in the course of which the florid accompaniment is diversified and carried out with masterly completeness. The first part being repeated, the second part (or "free fantasia," as, with unlicensed freedom, it used to be termed at the Royal Academy of Music), is relieved by an agreeable episode in the key of F major, of which new material excellent use is subsequently made. Among the striking points in this *Caprice* may be cited a *pedale* on the dominant, which introduces the "*reprise*" (is that a better word than resumption?) of the subject in the tonal mode. There is a freshness of feeling, and spontaneity of movement about both the *Caprices*, Op. 19, which enhances the charm belonging to their thoroughly musician-like conduct. It may be superfluous, perhaps, to add that they are admirably written for the *Rey-board*. M. Stephen Heller is notoriously a proficient on the pianoforte, and though his passages are quite as novel as they are essentially "effective," they are invariably natural and elegant, and as invariably lie well for the hand.

In the next work—*Deux Impromptus*, Op. 20 (Ashdown and Parry)—M. Heller (to return to the fish-pond) has again submitted M. Reber to a culinary treatment calculated to gratify the most captiously Apician taste. He has this time taken by the tail and "shaken in the sun," a dainty little minnow, "hight" (yclept) "Hai Lulli," also, we are led to presume, in its normal (subaqueous) state, a vocal romance. "Hai Lulli" is quite as engaging and pretty as its companion prisoner, "La Captive;" and M. Heller has served it up in two *relais*, each representing trout made delicious to the imagination of the *gourmet* (too refined and delicate, "peraunder," for that of the *gourmand*) by sauces, *à la Heller*, of the most exquisite and pungent flavour—sauces *piquantes*, in the most relishing acceptance of the phrase. But to quit metaphor—for, though we have not once in this essay alluded to "carp," time presses and space narrows—the plan of these pieces is in a great measure similar to that already dissected and described. First the theme is proffered "in its integrity" (albeit "*simplex munditiis*" in some degree, as is M. Heller's wont); then comes a brief and quasi-ephemeral *impromptu* in full harmony; and, conclusively, another *impromptu*, in the florid style—longer, more brilliant, and more elaborately developed. The key of F is preserved in all the movements. Both *impromptus* are ingenious and interesting—the last especially, an *allegretto con moto* of remarkable fluency, abounding in nice and attractive points of musicianship. Neither *impromptu* is difficult, each being studiously adapted to the means of ordinary performers; the *allegretto*, nevertheless, demands force and precision in the left hand, in the absence of which it is likely to "fall through."

Such fish are welcome. The "minnows" of M. Reber are well worth the catching; and the "trout," into which M. Heller has transformed them, through the agency of his *pot au feu*, as well worth eating.

\* Or, at any rate a great part of which was "bought in" by them, at the recent sale.



## MUSIC AND THEATRES IN PARIS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

Aug. 30, 1860.

THE performance at the Grand Opera for the benefit of the Christians of Syria realised 10,000 francs, which is the largest sum the house will yield at the usual prices. This will help to swell the general subscription for this object, which, notwithstanding the great show of sympathy made by the French press, does not progress very satisfactorily, or prove that the people at large are very deeply impressed with the sufferings of their Christian brethren, to whose succour the Emperor has rushed so eagerly. The *Huguenots* was given on Friday, with Mlle. Caroline Barbot in the part of Valentine, and Mad. Vandenhuevel Duprez in that of Marguerite. This second *début* of Mad. Duprez was fully as successful as the first, and has quite borne out the favourable expectations of her friends. It is generally regarded that this lady's engagement is a valuable acquisition to the Opera.

The revival of the *Part au Diable* at the Opéra Comique, with Mlle. Monrose in the part of Carlo Broschi, for the first time, has proved a hit. The *débutante* has decidedly gained a step in promotion by her impersonation of this important character. *Le Docteur Mirobolant*, which was to have been produced this week, has been put off in consequence of the illness of Coudere. The new opera, which M. Offenbach has composed to a libretto by Scribe, is in course of rehearsal.

The programme of the Théâtre Lyrique for the ensuing season has been made public. It is to open with *Crispin, Rival de son Maître*,—a comedy by Lesage, turned into a comic opera by M. H. Berthoud, and set to music by M. Sellenick—followed by *L'Auberge des Ardennes*, in one act, words by MM. Carré and Verne, music by M. Aristide Hignard.

Among the revivals is promised *Le Val d'Andorre*, by Halévy, in which Bataille will sing his original part. A new opera by M. Maillart, *Les Pêcheurs de Catane*, is also promised, and M. Gounod's *Faust*, the *Noce de Figaro*, *la Fanchonnette*, and *Philemon et Baucis* will be reproduced for Mad. Miolan-Carvalho, as also will *Orphée* for Mad. Viardot and her pupil, Mlle. Oprawel, who is to make her first appearance.

I have also another programme to communicate, viz. that of M. Cazaldo, the manager of the Italian Opera here. I need not trouble you with a list of the works to be produced; an enumeration of the artists to figure in his troop will be more acceptable. Here they are, then, alphabetically ordered to avoid nice points of precedences. *Prime donne soprani*, Mmes. Battu and Penco; *prime donne contralti*, Mmes. Albani and Edenska; *prime donne comprimarie*, Mmes. Varona and Vestri; *primi tenori*, MM. Gardoni, Mario, and Pancani; *primi tenori comprimari*, MM. Capello and Morey; *primi baritoni*, MM. Badiali and Graziani; *primi bassi*, MM. Angelini and Patriossi; *primo buffo*, M. Zucchini; *seconde parte*, Mad. Lava, MM. Cazaboni and Soldi. *Direttore d'Orchestra*, M. Bonetti; *maestro alceballo*, M. Uranio Fontana; *maestro dei cori*, M. Chiaromonte.

The sisters Marchisio have just made their first essay as drawing-room singers in the salon of Mad. Orfila, and have created so marked a sensation, that there is likely to be a run upon their talents during the approaching winter. They sang the two duos from *Semiramis*, and one from *Mathilda di Shabran*, to the manifest delight of their brilliant audience, who would not be content without a repetition of the latter. Mad. Ugalde was also present at the same soirée, and sang her serenade in *Gil Blas*.

I hear from Naples, that notwithstanding the troubled state of affairs there, the subvention paid to the San Carlo Theatre has been raised from 60,000 to 80,000 ducats; and it is now the most munificently supported theatre in Italy. It is said that great efforts are to be made to restore the school of dancing, for which Naples was once so famous, to its early splendour. It was the school of Naples which gave to the world Taglioni, Carlotta Grisi, and Fanny Cerito. A *propos* of Italy, Camillo Sivori has just returned to Paris from Milan, where he has been giving a series of seventeen concerts in succession. Two of these were for the benefit of the poor, and three to advance the cause of Garibaldi, to whom Sivori was enabled to forward 15,000f. (£600). This is a very creditable act on the part of the little-great violinist, and shows

the influence of the Garibaldi enthusiasm in a very strong light. M. Braga is also returned to us from Milan, bringing with him a libretto, to which he is going to compose the music. The opera is intended for Mad. Borghi-Mamo during her engagements at Bologna and Milan.

The Bouffes Parisiens have returned from their provincial tour, and are about to commence their Paris campaign. They open with *Orphée aux Enfers*, which has met with immense success during their travels. The first novelty will be an opera in two acts, called *Les Musiciens*; the music of which has employed the talents of no less than three young composers; *videlicet*, MM. Hignard, Delibes, and Erlanger. I wish I could tell your readers something about these gentlemen; but fame has hitherto spoken of them in such a low whisper as to be inaudible in this reporter's gallery. The manager, M. Offenbach, is moreover engaged on a new work in conjunction with M. Hector Cremieux, which is to be in two acts and four tableaux.

The municipal council of Lyons has voted a sum of 7000 francs (£280) for the purchase of instruments to suit the new diapason for the orchestra of the principal theatre. Whatever scientific or artistic value the pitch reform may have, it is evidently highly advantageous to the instrument makers; and I hope our friend Adolphe Sax will reap such a harvest from the change as will help him to restore the losses he has suffered from lawsuits with piratical imitators. The last of the long series of legal battles he has had to undergo has, by the way, been finally settled by the rejection of M. Gustave Benon's appeal to the Court of Cassation; and for the first time for fourteen years poor Sax can sit down to his meals without the sword of Themis being suspended over his head. Bordeaux has just lost one of its celebrities, Nicholas Schaffner, formerly director of the orchestra at the grand theatre of that city. You may remember how, many years since, that kindly and noble musical Mæcenæ, the late M. Alsager, became enamoured of this gentleman's quintetts, and strove hard to get him accepted as a genius of the first rank, but could get no one to ratify his strange judgment. Composers of all countries, Spohr among the number, were invited to feast their ears on the Bordeaux quintetts, but rejected unanimously the spurious vintage.

There has been a concert at the Salle Pleyel in honour of the veteran Moschelles, the programme whereof consisted entirely of music of the 16th, 17th, and 18th centuries, selected by M. Farrenc, well known for his antiquarian researches. In giving an account of this concert, a French critic informs the world that *la grande fugue de Bach* was executed on the organ by M. Georges Pfeiffer, as though old Sebastian's progeny, under that style, were limited to one. Yet France claims the first rank in the world in musical connoisseurship! This, too, with the *Société Bach* in full activity, who, by the way, have just published their ninth volume of the works of the great master. Prefixed to it is a curious notice on the construction of the harpsichord by the editor, M. Rust. I told you in a former letter that the Concerts Musard were about to close. I was misinformed; they are to continue open till the commencement of October. They are still very attractive, and they fully deserve their patronage by the capital way in which they are conducted. An ophecleide player, M. Moreau, is at present winning great favour by his solo performances.

The distribution of honours, *à propos* of the Imperial fêtes of August, still continues. It positively rains crosses of honour and medals. Let the most bombastic and *jeune*st of scribblers but indite an ode on the "Imperial theme"—annexation—and let him annex it to the effusion of discord, herself turned maestro, and both author and composer will immediately receive an enormous medal, and be inscribed in the muster roll of the legion of honour.

Now for my foreign budget:—At Berlin they are celebrating the anniversary of Goethe's birthday. Theatrical representations were announced for four consecutive days, as thus:—The 27th, *The King's Lieutenant* by Gutzkow, and a military concert, conducted by M. Wieprecht; 28th, *Frederick et Seseheiger*, operetta by Eberwein; *Brother and Sister* by Goethe; 29th, *Goethe-Marsch* by Liszt; *Lovers' Caprices* by Goethe; *Calm at Sea* by Beethoven; *Walpurgis Night* by Mendelssohn; *The Transfiguration*, a fragment of *Faust*, by Schumann; the 30th, the *Fair at Plundersweiler*, by Goethe, concert. The receipts are to be

appropriated to Goethe's monument. At Hanover, M. Steger, the same who failed last season at Her Majesty's Theatre, in *Edgar*, has been engaged to replace M. Niemann, at the Court Theatre. At Weimar M. Chelard's opera of *Macbeth* is to be produced at the Court Theatre. I believe it was performed in England, at Her Majesty's Theatre, by a German company, under the direction of the composer himself. From Vienna I hear that M. Rubinstein has just completed a new opera, and has placed the score in the hands of the manager of the Court Theatre. The management of the Italian Theatre has definitively been granted to M. Salvi, who will commence his season in April and continue it to the end of July. The season at Spa is said, notwithstanding the cheerless weather, to be unexpectedly brilliant. A grand concert has just been given there by the *Administration des Jeux*, whereof the chief attraction was Vivier, the horn player. It is almost incredible to relate that the pieces performed by him were the eternal cantabile and *chasse*, with which he has been favouring the world *sans change* or intermission for the last sixteen years, if not more. Has he expended the entire resources of his genius as a composer on these early works, or does he think that these prodigious creations entitle him to rest for the remainder of his mortal span? Is it not rather a parallel case to that of the "cadger" in our streets, who having by a superhuman effort carved in wood a distant resemblance to Salisbury spire, or combined a gigantic design in grasses and dried flowers, establishes a reputation for ingenuity and industry on which he resolves to trade, the weak and benevolent public aiding, in careless ease, till the parish or the hospital claim him.

Rotterdam is about to present itself with a German opera, the wealthy burghers of that ilk having subscribed to that end 80,000 florins, the interest of which is to be received by M. Vries, the Amsterdam manager, in support of the undertaking, which he is to organise and direct. Stockholm is overhauling its Academy of Music with a view to reform. Several new professorships have been instituted; among them one of history, one of esthetics, and one—though more humble, far more useful I suspect than these—of the art of tuning pianos. It would be well if the French Academy would follow this sensible example, for it is one of the points in which France is greatly deficient. At the German theatre in Pesth, Mehul's *Joseph* is given out for study. M. Borhowitz, the pianist, has just given a farewell concert here, the proceeds of which were to be devoted to the Szechenyi monument. Milan rejoices in the prospect of two new operas, one by Bottesini, the *Assedio di Firenze*, which failed in Paris, when the composer was himself director of the orchestra, the other by the youthful maestro, Ciani of Florence, composer of several successful works, and among them of *Salvator Rosa*. The sisters Ferni are here and have given a concert at the Carignano. At Genoa the San Carlo Felice is undergoing a thorough restoration, which is to render it one of the most richly adorned and elegant theatres in Europe. The ensuing season promises to be exceedingly brilliant.

### MUSICAL DOINGS IN LONDON.

(From the Vienna Recensionen.)

THE season is drawing to its close. Her Majesty's Theatre is already shut, but the active manager, Mr. E. T. Smith, not deeming it advisable to leave the rival establishment of Covent Garden, under Gye, in sole possession of the field, has thought proper, "in obedience to the general desire," to give a few extra performances of *Oberon*. The reduced prices caused this to look very like a pecuniary expedient, but we are willing to believe that, on this occasion, the wishes of the public and those of the manager tallied with each other; both parties were, therefore, content with the result: the public with the performances, and the manager with the receipts. With regard to the effect of these performances, I will in a later account of the operatic season, as a whole, add a few remarks.

At Covent Garden, the management is relying, until further notice, on "hash-ups" of separate acts. Thus, yesterday, we had the first act of *Norma* and the second of *Fidelio* on the list. This patchwork is presented us to oblige Mad. Grisi. That lady, after her "farewells," announced with a grand flourish of trumpets,

has again established herself on the stage *en permanence*, as they would have said in French parliamentary language, ten years ago. She is but the remains of her former greatness, and, had she only a little sense left, would have been contented with her farewell performances. She must, however, soon leave for younger talent, and, in my opinion, the public as well are sufferers by the present arrangement.

[This is a *sour-kroot* view of the question. Grisi knows better.—Ed.]

The flood of concerts with which we have been overwhelmed, during the months of June and July, has passed, and we can now, with dry feet, obtain some slight view of the ground over which it flowed. Many an unsteady craft was flung upon the shore, while many a flat-bottomed boat got safely over the shallows; novelties went, at high-pressure force, through thick and thin; but, as usual, there was only a moderate sample of what is good and beautiful. Public taste leads to what is out of the way. Nobody takes time to feel, think, nay, even to judge; what is remarkable obtains the upper hand.

This tolerance has its good side; in the search after what is new, everything is at least heard once, and consequently much that would, otherwise, never reach the ear of the public. Then, again, moderate music with rare beauties is particularly fitted to a public just beginning to educate itself musically, and which, like young plants, requires thin nourishment. (!) For a fermenting mass, such as that formed by men, who come to London for a three-monthly "Schwietchen," as the student of middle Germany would say, or for a "spree," as people say here, anything concentrated is dangerous, since, together with the eating and drinking, it would certainly get into their heads. We must, therefore, if only from considerations of health, be thankful to concert-givers for subordinating aesthetics to a contrary course.

Among the best samples of what is out of the way, we may reckon the "Russian Concerts," of Prince Galitzin, three of which were given in a tolerably short period, the last taking place on the 18th of July.\* They comprise exclusively compositions by Russian authors, principally Glinka, Bortnianski, and the Concert-giver. This, however, does not say that the music was of a specifically Russian nature, that is, nationally original. Many of the pieces were evidently written with this tendency, while others attained it; a great deal, however, was most unmistakeably Italian. Such was the case with a trio and chorus, by Glinka, in the second part of the second concert, the first half of which was quite "transalpine," although the original Russian words, as in all the other pieces which had no Latin ones, were sung. Miss Parepa, Signor Mongini, and Mr. Patey, were excellent, and mastered all the difficulties of the strange music they had to sing in an admirable manner. The chorus prevented the hearer from experiencing weariness at the artificial nature of what he heard, and, especially by first-rate *chiar' oscuro* in the performance, brought the piece to a very pleasing end. I must award the same praise to the chorus for the "Te ergo," of Bortnianski, which, exceedingly harmonious and well proportioned in musical ideas, was justly encoored by the public. The "Pater noster," a chorus by the concert-giver, was also repeated by universal desire, but this just proved the extravagant, the bad, or rather the entire absence of, taste of the public. A chorus begins with chords, then gives us the whole "Pater noster" *unisono*, and dwelling upon one note, in about twelve bars, ending in a harmonic "Amen," which the basses sing as the other voices die away. This is not merely straining for effect, but really and truly setting a trap for taste. The whole audience fell into it, and could hardly get out again. So long as men find pleasure in mere babble, either in religion or music, they have not attained the age of reason, and a species of music which lends itself to such trickery is yet in its swaddling clothes. May it soon grow up to more elevated beauty. (!) An *aria* by Glinka, sung by Miss Parepa, ends with a *subito* in the *forte* on a high note. Even this "scream" was encoored by the insatiable audience. (!) Russian music is fond of unexpected terminations; this was evident at the close of the Kozlow Polka, by Prince Galitzin, which ends with the stringed instruments, which I can only designate as an imitation of a regular sacred "hurrah." The Pathokish "Romance,"

\* Which "last" did not "take place."—Printer's Devil.

by the concert-giver, for contralto and violoncello *obbligato*—sung with great effect by Mad. Sainton-Dolby—is somewhat too gloomy and dull, and evidently no piece for a concert-room. At any rate the violoncello must be subdued before any one can arrive at a conclusive opinion as to the piece. The strength of Mad. Sainton-Dolby's voice lies in the low notes, while the high ones sound not unfrequently like a bad falsetto. (!) The character of her voice is, therefore, too similar to that of the accompanying instrument, a circumstance which produces an unpleasing uniformity. A deep alto part has always something disagreeable and almost unnatural about it, an impression we avoid upon the stage when we make spirits speak in a deep bass. If, in addition to this, there are a great many minor chords, the hearers shudder, a result we like on the stage, but would rather avoid in a concert-room.

A march for the orchestra, from Glinka's second opera, *Rossette et Ladmila*, was characteristic; the oboes were, however, somewhat careless in certain delicate *staccato* parts. Glinka's "Mazurka" was played by Miss Arabella Goddard with wonderful brilliancy, delicacy, and perfection. I must also mention the great merit evinced by the instrumentalists, Messrs. Ries, Pollitzer, and René-Douay.

The slight political colouring which marked the first concert, was completely avoided in the second and third by the concert-giver, who had bought wisdom by experience. He obtained great success, and the encores taxed in a high degree the patience of the corpulent gentlemen, who, despite the great heat, conducted most energetically. In the sweat of his brow he received the wreath which the applause of the multitude bestowed upon his most careful direction of the songs and chorusses, his delicate instrumentation, his robust melodies, and his successful eccentricities. Prince Galitzin has gained great popularity, a result with which the respect he showed to the artists engaged in the performance had not a little to do. Thus, between the parts he himself brought bouquets to the ladies of the chorus, and sent the gentlemen roses for their button-holes. Even these pretty tricks of art have their advantages, and work simultaneously upon the goodwill of the performers and the sympathy of the audience.

In the *bravura* air by Glinka, Miss Parepa did not perhaps quite come up to the expectations justified by her natural powers and her method; she was deficient in certainty of intonation and evenness of sustained tone. On the whole, however, her performance was the most brilliant attraction of the evening, and the clearness with which she repeated some complicated figures was beyond all praise.

#### APROPOS OF THE NORWICH FESTIVAL.

(Concluded.)

ARMIDA.

GLUCK's *Armida* was produced in Paris on the 23rd September, 1777. The work had been ready earlier. The composer's well-known letter, addressed to M. L. B. D. R.—published in the *Année Littéraire*, 1776—it was there stated, without its writer's connivance distinctly announces his intention of holding his opera back till such time at which it could be given at the Great French Opera House, according to its composer's liking. That letter contains a courteous throwing down of the glove to Gluck's rival, Piccini, who, too, was engaged on a *Roland*—its writer announcing himself "as no longer a man made for any contests." But such courtesy only make Gluck's subsequent girding up of his loins for the strife more significant. "M. Hebert," writes he, "is a gentleman, and therefore I will not finally withhold from him my *Armida* on certain conditions. Should they not be granted, I shall hold back *Armida* so long as I like. The music of it is made in a manner not soon to grow old." Then follows Gluck's appreciation of his own *Alceste*, as "a work to the perfection of which little is wanting. But you do not imagine," he continues, "of how many colours and humours, and various ways of arrival, music is susceptible. The whole effect of *Armida* is so different from that of *Alceste* that you would hardly imagine them to be by the same composer. I have used what little vitality was left in my frame to complete *Armida*—have tried to be painter and poet more than musician. Judge for yourself, should it come to a hearing. I confess that with this opera I should like to end my career,"

That Gluck did not end his career by *Armida* we know, happily, from his *Iphigenia in Tauris*. The success of *Armida* was not rapid at first. The overture given in this edition was written for Gluck's *Telemacco*, one of the many stage works produced by him ere he had come to an understanding with himself and his real power. A word remains to be said respecting the presentment of *Armida*, consequent on the claim for it of amplitude and pomp in setting forth the music, whether in the concert-room or on the stage. The large number of *dramatis persone* announced from the original French opera book is a luxury, not a necessity, if the drama be looked into. *Armida*'s ministering attendants—Phœnicia and Sidonia—as followers of an enchantress, may be fairly called on to "do any spitting" necessary to support the delusions of the sorceress. This supposition allowed for, the cast of this opera resolves itself into a double quartett, consisting of *Armida*, *Hate*, *Roland*, and *Hidraot*, as four principal singers, supported by four accessory ones. It will be seen that the English words do not literally represent the French ones, save in the scenes of emotion. In the scenes of description, somewhat more of variety has been tried for than exists in the words of the old French Arcadian dramatist. The scenes selected for the Norwich Festival are from the second and third acts of *Armida*. The duet betwixt the Enchantress and *Hidraot*, in which the appeal to *Hate* is decided on,—the appearance of *Roland* in the Enchanted Garden, and his falling to sleep there,—a monologue of *Armida*,—ending in her invocation to *Hate*,—and the reply to her call by the Infernal Goddess with her attendant furies.

WORCESTER MUSICAL FESTIVAL.—In another fortnight the whole of the arrangements for the next "meeting of the Three Choirs," must be completed: the erection of the galleries in the nave of the Cathedral has been commenced, and will be finished within that period. The seats will be arranged on the usual plan, except that there will be a "first" and a "second" division in the nave. We understand that the Mayor intends inviting the Corporation to join him in attending the early morning service on the opening day of the festival, and that he will give a breakfast at Guildhall between the early service and the first oratorio. In our first notice, we gave a sketch of the morning performances at the Cathedral. The evening concerts at College Hall, will be held on Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday, the ball closing the week's doings on Friday. The concert on Tuesday opens with Sterndale Bennett's *May Queen*, in which Mad. Novello sings the music of the "Queen" and Sims Reeves that of the "Lover." The remainder of the scheme is made up of selections from operatic works, and three English songs. Wednesday evening's concert opens with Weber's overture, *The Ruler of the Spirits*, followed by a novelty, in the shape of a *cantata*, by Niels Gade, entitled *The Erl King's Daughter*, the principal solos by Mad. Rudersdorff, Mad. Sainton-Dolby, and Mr. Weiss. More selections from operas succeed with a sprinkling of English songs, first of all, being the *scena* from *Oberon*, "Ocean, thou mighty monster," for Mad. Novello. The programme for the concluding concert on Thursday evening is a long one, selections from Wallace's *Lurline* forming one half of the first part. Miscellaneous pieces follow, and Mad. Novello (her last appearance at the Worcester Festival) will sing two—probably three—national airs. The concert closes, as usual, with the National Anthem.—*Worcester Journal*.

MOZART'S IMPRESARIO (*Schauspiel-director*).—After the performance at Schönbrunn this operetta was produced at the Karntner-Theater at Vienna, but for some reason did not please, and after three performances was withdrawn. It has since then been unaccountably laid on the shelf, with only an occasional appearance. One of the most noticeable of these was that undertaken by Goethe during his management of the Court Theatre at Weimar in 1791, when it was brought out with considerable alterations from the pen of the Poet-Manager, under the title of "Theatrical Adventures" (*Theatralische Abenteuer*). It has been lately again revised by L. Schneider for the Berlin Theatre, and since then has had a considerable run in Germany. In Schneider's version, four pieces, adapted from the pianoforte songs of Mozart, were added; and, indeed, there can be no doubt that in its dimensions—too short for an opera, too long for a mere piece in an ordinary concert—we find the secret of the neglect of so charming a composition.



## BOULOGNE-SUR-MER.

(From our own Correspondent.)

THERE is more good music to be heard during the season in the little town, from which Napoleon the Great intended to sweep down to the invasion of Britain, and which, since then, has, *en revanche*, become completely subject to our peaceful rule, than in any other English colony. Our antipodal brethren would deem themselves fortunate if they heard a tithe of the eminent *artistes* who pass through Boulogne, at the termination of the London season, and delay their slight southward to inhale for a few days the healthful sea air, and to delight the Anglo-French population with an exhibition of their skill. This year the Boulognese have been more than usually favoured, for they have had the rare good fortune to hear the most highly-gifted singer of the day, both in the concert-room and on the stage. The musical entertainment which M. Reichardt arranged for Mad. Alboni at the *établissement des bains* has been already noticed in your columns. Since then the great contralto has appeared in the newly-built theatre of the town, in two widely differing characters. Many of your readers may remember that since the destruction (we need not add, by fire, for every place of public amusement seems doomed to be periodically consumed), of the old house, some six years ago, a barn-like edifice styled "Théâtre Provisoire," has been used by a small company of comedians to display the unflinching histrionic talent which seems born with every Frenchman. Within the last few months, however, a new theatre has been opened, which is a perfect *bijou*, and which might well serve as a model for many of larger size. The exterior is handsome, and the decorations of the interior are designed with admirable taste. White and gold predominate, contrasting well with the rich crimson of the stalls and boxes, and the different tiers are patterned with beautifully painted wreaths, and other floral devices. The theatre is well constructed for sound, the approaches are spacious; the stage itself is of unusual depth; and, indeed, the only faults we could perceive in the entire edifice were the heavily and coarsely painted ceiling and the imperfect ventilation which we meet with in all French buildings. Our neighbours certainly have no idea of the value of fresh air. We need scarcely add that the theatre is constructed with the usual *balcon* and *loges*, we cannot say *private boxes*, for they are certainly anything but *private*; the openness of the boxes adds, however, to the effect of the gay toilettes of the inmates, and on the occasion of Mad. Alboni's first appearance on Thursday week, in *Le Barbier de Séville*, when the house was crowded to suffocation, the general effect of the audience portion was remarkably pleasing. Mad. Alboni's representation of Rossini is so well known to all London opera goers, that we need not enlarge upon its merits. On the French stage all the dialogue is spoken instead of sung, and although we missed the familiar recitative, we could scarcely regret its absence, so charmingly did Mad. Alboni speak the words of the French text. In the lesson scene, she introduced the rondo *finale* from *Cenerentola*, and she brought the opera to a brilliant but somewhat summary conclusion immediately after the orchestral description of the storm, by the Tyrolienne from *Betty*, which she sang with such *entrain* as to excite an enthusiastic demand for repetition that could not be resisted. We should not have been sorry, however, to have heard the order of the two *morceaux* reversed, for an *aria* by Donizetti should scarcely be made to do duty to an opera by Rossini, while on the other hand the lesson-scene, according to immemorial usage, may fairly be used as a vehicle for display, irrespective of the composer. On Saturday *La Favorite* was given, and this representation was much more interesting to the English portion of the audience, because Léonore is a *rôle* which Mad. Alboni never undertakes in London. We were fully prepared to hear the music rendered by this "Hermaphrodite de la voix," as she is styled with more force than elegance by Théophile Gautier, as it has never been sung before; we were not astonished by the splendid power and irreproachable finish of her singing of the air "O mon Fernand," the chief opportunity for vocal display in the opera, but we must confess that we were most greenly surprised by Mad. Alboni's admirable acting of this very trying part. We have more than once remarked on the genuine, but unobtrusive humour which Mad. Alboni infuses into several comic *rôles*; but the care with which

she has hitherto eschewed all tragic characters, led us to believe that she did not possess the histrionic power necessary for success in the higher walks of the lyric drama. We confess with pleasure that we were greatly mistaken. Not only did the fulness of her lower tones enable her to give unaccustomed prominence to many passages which are generally unnoticed—witness, for instance, the startling effect that Mad. Alboni produces by her energetic delivery of the phrase "Ne me le demande pas," when the king's mistress is urged into a distasteful explanation by her ardent lover—but her entire delineation of the character, considered merely as a histrionic display, was distinguished by truthful adherence to nature. All the last scene was elaborated with great care—not a gesture was exaggerated; so that, while Mad. Alboni's acting was the result of art, it had all the appearance of being perfectly spontaneous. We trust that we may yet have the opportunity of witnessing Mad. Alboni not only in *La Favorite*, but in other tragic characters, on the boards of a London stage. On Sunday the great contralto again appeared in *Il Barbier*, with the same success as on the first occasion, although the English residents, true to their insular convictions, studiously avoided the profane exhibition, and left the "high places" of the theatre, to which, as conquerors, they ordinarily lay claim, comparatively deserted. Of the general casts of the operas we can say nothing, unless it be to draw attention to the tenor, M. Jourdan, who is at least entitled to the merit of consistency, for he sang out of tune with a complacent and determined opposition to the orchestra that was worthy of a better cause. The orchestra itself, though absurdly small, and therefore very ill-balanced, played with a correctness and care that do great credit to the conductor.

## Letters to the Editor.

## ONE INVALID AND TWO KEY BUGLES.

SIR,—I am an unobtrusive man, loving quiet, but not averse to an occasional enjoyment of the "concord of sweet sounds;" though harsh words, loud-tongued women or men, and all kinds of discordance, are my utter aversion. Judge my daily and nightly terror and misery, consequently, when I tell you that in the "quiet" locality I have chosen for a temporary sojourn from the turmoil of business (say Walsingham Place, for instance), two of the male inhabitants, who are my unneighbourly neighbours, constantly do all they can to drive me mad, by attempting to produce unearthly music on two key bugles or some such brazen instruments, a musical acquaintance with which they are insanely trying to accomplish! Talk of hurly-gurdies, Italian organs, Scottish bagpipes, or German bands! why the torture of those who listen to these can be nothing compared with the vile discordance which my two mad amateurs produce. Where is your corporate inspector of nuisances? Do, kind sir, do what you can to assuage the tortures endured by

AN INVALID.

Truro, August 28, 1860.

## A PROTEST AGAINST "VETERAN."

MY DEAR M. W.—You promise a "word" with a Veteran in your next (p. 337). Please don't forget to touch him up on the blunder he has made about Haydn. Michael Haydn and Joseph Haydn were two different people, and I never heard that the former wrote symphonies for Solomon.

Yours,

SYFHNX.

P.S. Who the d— were "Spöhr and "Palestrini?"—and what kind of phenomenon is "donnerblitz?"

## UP TO C IN ALTISSIMO.

WILL the Editor of the MUSICAL WORLD be good enough to inform his friends how long he thinks it will be before the compass of the pianoforte is extended to C, completing the seven octaves? London, August 27th, 1860.

[Inquire of Messrs. Broadwood and Sons.—ED.]

LEEDS.—The Jullien Festival—Conductor Prince George Galitzin—takes place on Monday evening, under the direct patronage of Sir Peter Fairbairn.

**ROYAL ALHAMBRA PALACE:** Proprietor, R. T. SMITH.—The Proprietor has much pleasure in informing the Public that he has purchased, at an outlay of £3,000, one of the greatest living wonders and curiosities of the age, a PERFORMING HIPPOPOTAMUS. This amphibious animal was captured in the month of April, 1858, but a narrative of the capture by Mr. John Petherick, Her Majesty's Consul for the Loutian States, may be amusing to the visitors of this elegant edifice.—Since the year 1853 I have devoted six or seven months of that and each succeeding year in exploring the unknown regions of Central Africa. My starting point Khartoum, a town of 60,000 inhabitants, the capital of seven provinces, dependent on Egypt, called the Loutian, between 13 and 20 degrees N. latitude, and 27 to 36 degrees E. longitude. Leaving Khartoum, and navigating the White Nile to between 9 and 10 deg. of North latitude, a narrow channel, for the most part overgrown with reeds, which by former Nile travellers, had been considered unnavigable, attracted my attention, and pursuing it—not without difficulty finding a passage through various narrow openings in a forest of high reeds—I discovered this to be the connection between a large lake and the Nile, of which it is one of the most important feeders hitherto known. Its waters ornament several promontories and islands, more or less wooded by the acacia, mimosa, and sycamore, but little frequented by man, literally are swarmed by crocodiles and hippopotami; the latter in particular having made many rude attempts to dispute the passage over their hitherto secluded home by attacking my boat, battering-ram fashion, both under and on the surface of the water, and on one occasion, to the surprise and horror of all on board, a huge beast suddenly raising half its great carcase, with an agility hardly to be expected, out of the water, close under the larboard bow, carried off my unfortunate cook from the gunwale, on which, his back to the water, he was sitting, one bite of his powerful jaws severing his body in two at the waist. It was here, while returning in the month of April, in the year 1858, from the regions of the equator, when I founded an establishment of 25 armed men whom I brought with me (a part of a numerous escort from Khartoum), while the lake, according to the information received from the negroes of the Raik tribe inhabiting its southern confines, from its continued drainage into the Nile, after a more than usually dry season, was much lower than it had been known for many years, that the look-out at the mast-head, almost frantic with excitement, sung out "a young hippopotamus," and pointing to the reeds, within a few yards of which we were sailing, a dozen sailors leapt into the water, and, disappearing in the thick herbage, soon returned, one of them grasping in his arms, a young animal about the size of a spaniel dog; they both kept aloft, and propelled themselves towards the boat amid the shoutings and rejoicings of their brave fellow-companions. The unexpected but welcome guest was reared with milk, and was treated with all the attention we could bestow upon it. An Arab, Salaama by name, one of the most intelligent servants, was appointed to administer to the wants and look after the animal, who from that time to the present has been its constant attendant, and never, I believe, was there more attachment to man shown by any animal than exists between Bucheel (the Arabic for "fortunate," or, according to the manner of expression, "lucky dog"), the name given to the young hippo by its keeper Salaama. This enormous quadruped is a native of Africa, and is always found either in water or in its near vicinity. In absolute height it is not very remarkable, as its legs are extremely short, but the actual bulk of its body is very great indeed. The average height of a full-grown hippopotamus is about 5 feet. Its naked skin is a dark brown, curiously marked, with innumerable lines like those on crackle china or oil paintings. The mouth is enormous, and its size is greatly increased by the odd manner in which the jaw is set in the head. The tusks have a terrific appearance, but are solely intended for cutting grass and other vegetable substances, and are seldom employed as weapons of offence, except when the animal is wounded or otherwise irritated. Although in its native river the female hippopotamus is a most kind and affectionate mother, the tame animal does not display such excellent qualities. The female hippopotamus, in the Jardin des Plantes in Paris, has twice been a mother, and twice has killed her offspring. On the last occasion she appeared to have been seized with a sudden fit of anger, for the marks of her teeth were only too plain on the poor little beast when its dead body was discovered, and her tusks had penetrated into its lungs. On the first occasion she killed it from sheer awkwardness, and after carrying it about on her neck in the proper manner, she crushed it so severely in her clumsy efforts to teach her offspring the proper mode of getting out of the bath that it never recovered from the hurt which it received. The hippopotamus has for years been extinct in Europe, but the fossil remains of the animal are found abundantly in London clay, showing that, in some remote age, the hippopotamus must have traversed the plains of England and wallowed in its rivers. There is another species of hippopotamus, which is smaller, and than that which has just been described, and is termed hippopotamus ibericus. The hippopotamus has nothing in common with the river-horse. He seems to us an aquatic pig, or four-footed land porpoise; in fact, he appears to partake of the wild boar, the bull, and the porpoise, the latter predominating at present; but when he gets his tusks we much fear there will be an alteration in his manners for the worst. As to his eventual size the prospect is so severely in the present only a few months old, and he will continue growing till he is 15 years of age. A full-grown hippopotamus generally yields about 2,000 lb. weight of fat, which is salted, and much esteemed. In Africa it is compressed, and a mild oil drawn from it, which is considered a certain remedy for diseases in the breast. In Angola, Congo, Elmina, and the western coasts of Africa they look upon him as an inferior deity. P. Labat considered that the animal had sufficient intelligence to let himself bleed when necessary, and perform the operation of rubbing himself against a sharp-pointed rock, and when he thinks he has bled enough rolls himself in the mud until he has stopped the wound; and it has been affirmed that the Indian painters make use of his blood as one of their colours. He does the most injury when he can rest himself against the earth, but when he floats in the water he can only bite; he has been known to upset a boat of six men, by lifting it out on his back. The hippopotamus has been mentioned in the earliest ages in sacred writings by the name of behemoth, and his figure engraved upon the pillars of Egypt; Aristotle scarcely mentions him. Mr. Bruce wrote in his travels through Africa that he frequently met them in Lake Tzana, in Upper Abyssinia. Dr. Klockner, in his translation printed at Amsterdam, stated that this beast deserved the most particular attention, being five cubits long, with cloven feet, like ruminating animals, and tusks like a wild boar, while the site of his body resembles an elephant. The hippopotamus have been on many occasions exhibited by the Emperors of Rome to the people in the circus; 1500 years elapsed before the council of the Zoological Society in the Regent's-park undertook the conveyance of one from Upper Egypt; all attempts to obtain one on the west coast having proved fruitless. The visitors to the gardens in the Regent's-park rose from 120,000 to 370,000 to visit this extraordinary beast; the proprietor of the Alhambra trusts that the same number will view this extraordinary performing hippopotamus. The proprietor makes no additional charge. The Royal Alhambra Palace is open daily from 2 o'clock until 4 o'clock, and from 8 till 11 o'clock. The various performances will be continued, adding amusement, instruction, and enjoyment to the old and young, daily. Every novelty that can be procured for the public will be purchased and produced, no matter at what expense, and the charge will be 6d. and upwards, according to the means of the visitors. The hippopotamus will, as nearly as possible, be exhibited at 3 o'clock daily, and at 9 o'clock at night. Reserved seats and private boxes can be booked during the day at the Alhambra. The public are earnestly solicited to witness this exhibition of the greatest living wonder of the age, more especially as such another opportunity may never occur, for, in all human probability, this will be the last hippopotamus brought to this country, as Mr. Petherick, the Consul, declared that the expense of bringing the animal to England cost double the amount he had received for it. This the reader will more readily credit after perusing Mr. Petherick's interesting account of its capture and transport, which is sold in the Alhambra Palace for 3d. each.

### Marringe.

August 25, C. J. MICHAEL, Esq., to Miss LOUISE MICHAL, of the Royal Opera, Stockholm, and Her Majesty's Theatre, London.

### Death.

August 27, the Right Hon. LOUISA, Dowager Countess of CRAVEN, aged 78, formerly the celebrated Miss Branton, of the Theatres Royal, Drury Lane, and Covent Garden.

### Notice.

THE MUSICAL WORLD may be obtained direct from the Office, 28 Holles Street, by quarterly subscription of Five Shillings, payable in advance; or by order of any Newsvendor.

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## The Musical World.

LONDON: SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 1860.

WE have omitted TOMASCHEK, WORSICHKEK, BERGER, and a host of other pianoforte writers from our catalogue *raisonnée*, of the epoch immediately preceding our own, for the same reason that we have not spoken of LOUIS ADAM and some other composers of the time of Dussek. Though clever men, and the authors of a large variety of works, some of which have unquestionable merit, we cannot find that they have had much influence on their cotemporaries; nor have any of them left examples of the sonata, to show their acquaintance with, and attachment to, that grand form of musical composition. But there is one, who, though we name latest, merits perhaps the very first place among all those who were his cotemporaries,—we mean CARL MARIA VON WEBER, one of the greatest geniuses and one of the most original and distinguished musicians of all time. The gifted author of *Der Freischütz*, as our readers well know, ranked among the remarkable pianists of his age. He wrote a great number of works for the pianoforte, in many of which the peculiar characteristics of his genius are prominently displayed. Perhaps the most generally popular concert-piece ever written is the fantasia for pianoforte and orchestra in F, denominated *Concert-stück*. This *morceau* has been for many years the *cheval de bataille* of numberless players, from Mad. Pleyel, Liszt, and Litloff, to Alexandre Billet and Arabella Goddard. We have heard almost every pianist of fame execute the *Concert-stück*, Thalberg alone excepted. Weber also wrote a grand concerto in E flat, a brilliant effort, in which, besides a number of passages entirely new, there are orchestral effects of great originality and excellence. The variations and miscellaneous pieces of Weber are well known, as are his quartet in B flat, and other compositions for the chamber—the latter not by any means his best works, while the former are in their way incomparable. But after the *Concert-stück*, the most highly esteemed of Weber's productions are the four grand sonatas for piano solus in C major, D minor, A flat, and E minor. All of these contain movements as remarkable for their freshness as for their ingenuity—as, for example, the *rondo finale* ("moto continuo") of the first, the *andante* with variations of the second, and the *allegretto* and *finale* (*tarentella*) of the fourth. But most perfect of all in many



respects is the third, in A flat, a work of romantic loveliness—a masterpiece which every pianist who loves his art should know and profit by. The fault of Weber's sonatas—we say it with deference—is a certain diffuseness which damages the regularity of their form, and an occasional monotony arising from the too frequent employment of passages strongly resembling each other in character. But the movements we have specialised are almost free from them, while in the sonata in A flat, from the exquisite grain of the principal themes and the captivating luxuriance of the subordinate passages, they become an absolute beauty. Weber, as everybody knows, has had numberless imitators, but fewer copyists of his pianoforte works than of his dramatic compositions and orchestral overtures, to which, and above all to his *Der Freischütz*, he owes his universal popularity. He may, therefore, be placed apart, like Beethoven—a lesser star, perhaps, but still of the first magnitude.

Of MENDELSSOHN we may say, as of Beethoven, that he shines apart from the rest of his contemporaries. He was, beyond comparison, the greatest genius and the most learned musician of the age in which he lived, and which he has undoubtedly influenced more than any other individual, Spohr not excepted. The number of Mendelssohn's imitators are legion; the shelves of the music publishers groan under the heavy weight of their productions; you cannot see a new catalogue without observing at least fifty compositions which you may safely swear, without once looking at them, are little better than parodies of Mendelssohn's *Lieder ohne Worte* (the most popular type), or of something else equally his and equally not theirs. But these copyists of a great original, like the other copyists of another great original—Dussek—have chiefly occupied themselves with his mannerisms, being, as we have already said, wholly incompetent to emulate his beauties or his scientific acquirements. The best of them are those who began to write before Mendelssohn, and were afterwards carried away in the vortex of his fascinating style. The most eminent of these, and justly so, are FERDINAND, HELLER, and TAUBERT. Whether either of these wrote sonatas we are unable to say; we have seen many specimens of their works, but not a single sonata—although some stringed quartets, a pianoforte quintet, and a few orchestral essays of Heller, who is a very admirable musician, show that he had cultivated the form, however inclined to develop it with undue exuberance. Heller, nevertheless, chiefly owes his influence to his *Etudes*, which have been assiduously practised by pianists, and have facilitated several peculiarities of mechanism. Most of Taubert's pieces which we have had the opportunity of perusing are caprices, fantasias, *et hoc genus omne*.

It is unnecessary here to enter into details about the composers of our own time. Nearly the whole may be dismissed as followers, more or less successful, of Mendelssohn, Thalberg, Henri Herz, or Liszt, according to their respective tastes and styles. Of Mendelssohn we need say no more; of Henri Herz we have said enough. Of Thalberg and Liszt we may speak in a separate review, since neither having revealed any tendency to the development of the sonata form, it is not requisite to introduce them now, and our future task will be merely to discuss the influence they have exercised upon the pianoforte as the original of particular schools—schools of execution rather than of composition. Chopin, Stephen Heller, Sterndale Bennett—the three most distinguished composers for the pianoforte of our own times, with the single exception of Mendelssohn—

of course demand a special consideration, and on more important grounds. Henselt, and a crowd of others, romantic, unromantic, and "middling," may also come in for their share of attention. Macfarren, Reber, and other thoughtful writers, whose pianoforte compositions, highly as they must be rated, only occupy a subordinate position to their other works, can hardly be ranked in the same category.

WE were entering the Alexandrina theatre for the purpose of superintending the rehearsal of our tragedy of *Osiris*, when we heard a voice from the manager's room utter these words, "Give me my goose and my pig, and I'll go." The door opened and forth stepped a little man, followed by a big man who carried in one hand a pig, and in the other a goose. The two men proceeded to a cab, which was in waiting at the stage door, deposited the animals therein, entered the vehicle themselves, and drove off.

"That was Flexmore," said the manager to us a moment afterwards. "The pantomime has been running eight weeks, and his sucking pig has grown such a size that now he can't put it in his pocket. That's his affair, however. I shan't buy him another, and I've told him so."

This was the first time we had seen a clown in his private clothes, and we had scarcely noticed him! Yet how often had we asked ourselves what a clown *could* be like in everyday life, and to what extent he probably introduced into it the manners and practices of his stage existence. It seemed to us, however, from the little we *had* seen, that whatever might be the case with others, Flexmore, at least, was almost as comic and eccentric a personage out of a pantomime as he was in one; and from that time we never could think of Flexmore without laughing—until last week, when we heard that he was dead! And what a strange death to befall the most agile of our pantomimists—for it is said that he actually died of atrophy! One would as soon expect Paul Bedford or Tilbury to perish of St. Vitus's dance.

The death of a popular clown, like Flexmore, surprises and shocks one the more from the fact that no one ever hears of clowns being ill; and perhaps also because from seeing them exposed, on the stage, without any ill effects, to all sorts of violent treatment, one gets accustomed to look upon them as proof against all the ordinary catastrophes of life. A singer of reputation is indisposed a certain number of times every season; but a favourite clown is never unwell, and it always seemed to us that the same immunity from bodily injuries and ailments, by which he is notoriously attended on the stage, accompanied him somehow or other even into private life. At all events since the death of Grimaldi (which, be it observed, did not take place until long after he had ceased to be a clown), we have heard of no clown dying, except a Lancashire one, who appears to have been an inexpert performer, and who, waking suddenly from a dream in a railway carriage, sprang through the window and received mortal injuries in his fall. Certainly no one who saw Flexmore last year in the Covent Garden pantomime could have imagined that he was so near death, nor do we know now either when he died, or even whether he was long ill. The clown asks us how we all are on boxing-night; but who, when the pantomime season is once at an end, troubles himself about the health of the clown?

By the marriage of Flexmore with Mlle. Auriol, the families of the two most celebrated clowns of France and England became united. We involuntarily think of a line

uttered by the despondent hero of "*Locksley Hall*." The first half: "As the husband is the wife is" was not strictly applicable, for Mlle. Auriol chiefly cultivated an elegant style of dancing; but the second: "Thou art wedded to a clown," might have been addressed to that lady with as much propriety as to the Amy of the poem. In marrying Flexmore, however, the daughter of the active and facetious "clown" of the Parisian Cirque made what was really a most suitable match; and had poor Flexmore lived, old Auriol—whose feats, and especially those wonderful and celebrated ones with the chairs, were imitated to perfection by his son-in-law—would have had the honour of being succeeded not only by his son, but also, in a manner, through his daughter. Thus old Debureau was succeeded and replaced by young Debureau, and in so perfect a manner, that many who saw the son for the first time in his flour and his white tunic, fancied they were still witnessing the performances of the father.

Flexmore, unhappily, leaves no one to replace him—neither in a professional nor in a domestic sense—and his widow has a family of young children to provide for. We have first of all then, to regret the loss of a great artist, and without disputing as to which are the highest and which the lowest branches of art, we may here suggest to the reader, that it is a greater thing to be an admirable clown than to be an inferior tragedian; and that to dance a burlesque cachucha in a perfect spirit of parody, is a more artistic achievement than to declaim the soliloquies of Hamlet with much mouthing and no true dramatic expression. In the second place, there is something to be done for the artist's wife and little ones. It is said that Mr. E. T. Smith (if not, why not the managers of Covent Garden?) will give the use of his theatre for a representation, which it is proposed to get up for their benefit. Let the public think of the much laughter for which they have been indebted to Flexmore, and of the tears that his family are now shedding for his loss; and even if the performance be less attractive than it probably will, it, at all events, will be numerously attended.

### FLORAL HALL.

THE recent stormy weather which with most persons (says *The Morning Post*) has proved a plaintive theme, susceptible of endless dismal variations, has been to Mr. Alfred Mellon, the justly celebrated conductor and entrepreneur of the Floral Hall Concerts, a veritable "Godsend;" for the "ill-wind" has brought him nothing but good, and the constant showers have been to Mr. Mellon golden showers. Driven by stress of weather from Cremorne, Rosherville, and all other places devoted to "open-air" amusements, our pleasure-seeking public has wisely sought refuge and delightful solace within the brilliant, and at the same time comfortable, precincts of the great glass-house in Bow Street, where, besides the charms of a splendidly and tastefully decorated locale, excellent refreshments, and every possible convenience with respect to seats (so eagerly sought for by shilling "promenaders"), have been displayed, the attractions of the Royal Italian Opera's incomparable band and chorus, together with those of such celebrated and first-class singers as Mlle. Parepa and Mr. Wilbye Cooper. All circumstances then duly considered, the success of Mr. Alfred Mellon's speculation (although the chosen time, according to received ideas, meteorological propriety, and social custom, was certainly "out of joint") is not at all to be wondered at. To enjoy anything at all, especially anything musical, at this moment, out of one's house, without being wet through, is assuredly a great privilege, and with due respect for the Coldstream and other famous bands performing at decidedly damp places, we really must claim for Mr. Alfred Mellon the honour of

having conferred a very great benefit upon our unhappy townsmen, who instead of valourously "breasting the tide" at Brighton or Margate, are obliged to sneak under dropping and dripping umbrellas upon the London "Strand;" who, instead of scaling the heights of Dover, are forced to seek shelter ignominiously under the nearest portico which our metropolitan streets may afford; and who without the Floral Hall concerts could not possibly at this season of the year hear any really fine music worthily performed in town—that is, with a dry skin. Mr. Alfred Mellon, with all his tact and experience, is not yet quite a man for the moment—a thorough "master of the situation," whatever it may be, otherwise he would not have confined himself to one illustration of the state of the weather—namely, "The Storm," from Beethoven's *Pastoral Symphony*, as he has done, but would have made Mr. Wilbye Cooper sing "Did you ne'er hear of a jolly young Waterman," "Cease rude Boreas," "For the rain it raineth every day," or have requested Miss Parepa to favour us with "The Meeting of the Waters."

The concert on Saturday night, the first part of which consisted of a selection from the works of Mendelssohn, was as successful as the lovers of good music could have desired. The unpropitious weather failed to rob the familiar name of its attraction; and, though it rained all day without intermission, the doors of Floral Hall were not long thrown open before an immense crowd had assembled. Mr. Alfred Mellon may be complimented on his programme, which, besides being marked by excellence and variety, was so arranged that each succeeding piece afforded an agreeable contrast to its immediate predecessor:—

Overture—"A Midsummer Night's Dream."  
Part-song—"Oh hills and vales."  
Concerto—Pianoforte (No. 1, in G minor).  
Air—"When the Evening Bells are Chiming."  
Symphony in A major (Italian).  
Finale from the opera of *Lorelei*.

The performance, from first to last, was worthy of the music, and the audience thoroughly appreciated both. The overture to Shakspeare's immortal fairy play, which, though an inspiration of early youth, is one of the most original and imaginative productions of its composer, was given with a delicacy and precision quite marvellous, the enormous area and configuration of Floral Hall taken into account. But—as was shown later in a still more elaborate work—the band of the Royal Italian Opera, with a director at its head like Mr. Mellon, is capable of achieving difficulties under any circumstances short of absolutely antagonistic. Nothing could come more happily after a piece so full of energy as the overture, than the part-song—perhaps the most universally popular thing of its kind—an image of repose such as music has seldom reflected, a dream of the setting sun throwing its last rays on the quiet hills, a bit of harmonious landscape, in short, the "spirit of whose beauty" (to quote the English paraphrase of the words that inspired it) "can never fade away." After this the attention of the hearers was diverted into an altogether different channel by the impetuous concerto in G minor—another example of Mendelssohn's astonishingly precocious talent—executed by Mr. George Russell, a young and rising pianist, if not precisely with the "impetuosity" most congenial to its character, at least with spirit, clearness, and well-sustained brilliancy. A trifle more of sentiment would not have been unwelcome in the slow movement; but Mr. Russell was probably of opinion that very nice shades of expression might be lost under the dome of the Bow Street Crystal Palace, and so designedly eschewed them. The accompaniments to the concerto were carefully played by the band, and at the conclusion Mr. Russell left the orchestra amid warm and honourably-earned plaudits. The song from *Heimkehr* (known in England as *Son and Stranger*)—an opera composed by Mendelssohn to commemorate (what the Germans call) the "silver wedding" of his father and mother (25th anniversary of their union)—is as full of character as it is charming. This, introduced last winter with great success by Herr Reichardt at the Monday Popular Concerts (St. James's Hall), and equally welcome on the present occasion, was delivered with genuine artistic feeling by Mr. Wilbye Cooper. The tranquil opening phrase is finely relieved by the episode describing the night-watch of the soldier, so appropriately announced

by the trumpet, and the whole was well adapted to separate the pianoforte concerto from the orchestral symphony, with neither of which it has the smallest feature in common. The Italian symphony was given entire, with the repeat of the first part of the *allegro vivace*—exactly, indeed, as the composer intended. On the whole, we can scarcely remember a more satisfactory performance of this fresh and genial work. The profoundly touching *andante*—of which it was said years long past that in writing it Mendelssohn had composed his own requiem—might have gained something by being taken a little slower, but here objection ends. The remainder, especially the last movement, to which alone the symphony is indebted for the geographical expletive now conventionally accepted (undreamt of by Mendelssohn himself, who simply entitled it, "Symphony in A major") the restless *Saltarello*, suggesting by its peculiar rhythm and colour the idea of a Neapolitan carnival, with all the contingent bustle and excitement—was beyond criticism. How thoroughly the whole was appreciated may be gathered from the fact that the movement in question was redemanded. With the *finale* of *Lorelei* before him, nevertheless, Mr. Mellon did wisely in withholding compliance, and resting content with the unanimous applause elicited. In this colossal piece—a splendid pledge of the dramatic genius of its composer, and of the triumphs he was likely to achieve had he been spared to labour for the stage as earnestly as he laboured for the choir, the orchestra, and the chamber—all concerned won laurels. Band, chorus, principal singer, and conductor, were alike assiduous in their duties, and with the like result. It was the last performance, and also the best, in a concert where everything was good. Never were the solos of Leonora—who devotes herself to the spirits of the Rhine in order to acquire the means of being avenged on a fickle lover (a Leonora promising to rival the still incomparable Leonora of Beethoven)—declaimed with more fire and vigour than by Miss Parepa, who (as everybody might have concluded) has just the voice for the part, and (as everybody might not have concluded) a true and forcible conception of it. The audience were so delighted that, without awaiting the final notes, they burst into such a storm of applause as almost drowned in its vehemence the united efforts of the voices and instruments, which go on accumulating power and grandeur to the climax.

The "Volunteer Night" was given on Monday, under distinguished patronage, and attracted an immense audience. There was a fair sprinkling of the grey-coated confraternity in the reserved seats and promenade, and the appearance of uniforms among the ranks of the orchestra had a very novel appearance. The programme embraced the overtures to the *Siege of Corinth* and *Fra Diavolo*, the funeral march from the *Eroica* symphony, grand selection from *Guillaume Tell*, Jullien's quadrille, "The Campbell's are coming," and his "Last Waltz," and a new volunteer song, entitled, "Let any man with heart and soul," by Mr. Alfred Mellon. The audience was extremely enthusiastic, and when Mr. Wilbye Cooper came forward in the well-known uniform of the 38th Middlesex Artists' to sing Mr. Mellon's new volunteer song, the excitement was boundless, not without cause indeed, since the composition is full of martial ardour and was capably sung. Jullien's quadrille, too—one of his most enlivening dance compositions—was received with thunders of applause, and No. 4 figure encoored. Mr. Thomas Harper performed "The Soldier Tired," on the trumpet—a perfectly marvellous piece of execution—and was compelled to repeat it. Mlle. Parepa added to the attraction by some vocal performances. So attractive was the "Volunteer Performance," that the entire of the programme was repeated on Tuesday. The "Mendelssohn night" was repeated on Thursday.

Last night the *Messiah* was announced to be performed, the principal characters to be sustained by Mlle. Parepa, Miss Augusta Thomson, Mad. Laura Baxter, Messrs. Wilbye Cooper and Thomas.

MEMORIAL WINDOW TO THE REV. DR. COLERIDGE.—At the west end of Exeter Cathedral has been erected, by subscription, a beautiful stained window to the memory of the late Dr. Coleridge, prebendary of Exeter, and formerly vicar of Kenwyn and of Lawhiton, in this county. It bears the following inscription:—*In memoriam viri Rev. James Dukè Coleridge, D.C.L., Prebendarii Procuratoris. Obiit. 1857.*

## JULLIEN—MELLON—GALITZIN.

(From the *Weekly Dispatch*.)

POOR JULLIEN!—whenever the bill is first beheld of the new enterprise in Covent Garden, this will be the exclamation of every candid lover of music. Now he is gone we can do him justice. Remoteness seems to be essentially a condition of just criticism. Not but that M. Jullien managed, in the twenty years he was among us, very effectually to live down the solemn sneering he first encountered. There was a traditional dulness in our orchestras, which had so long been considered dignity, that when the little Frenchman presumed to outrage it in his appearance and vivacity, as a matter of course, he was called a quack. There was also something so strange and irregular in the novel resources he employed to give character and vigour to some of his dance music—his pistol-shots and whip-crackings, his gongs and orchestral shoutings—when his musicians seemed to grow envious of the glory of their instruments, and suddenly break in for a share, that among the dignified and somnolent of our musical cognoscenti, he was a charlatan forthwith. But all this was so much smoke—thin and transparent enough, it is true—that was sent up wreathing, to excite attention. People soon began to see that under it was flame! It was discovered after a time that this much scoffed at *entrepreneur* was not merely a being composed of a white waistcoat, striking gestures, startling pistol-shots and gongs, and a rather poetic style of literature. Year by year the fact came out that he had a purpose in him and a growth. As he found a public, he furnished music. He fed taste, he did not deprave it. He began by simply giving the world a round of polkas and quadrilles; he ended by presenting it with nights devoted to Beethoven and Mozart. He commenced with attacking the senses, he finished with entering the soul. His whole career had a progressive character, that gives us fair grounds to suppose he contemplated from the first a gradual improvement of the public taste. His very outset seems to show this. He started with giving expansion to the conception of Musard. With the latter arose the notion of addressing music to the million, which, however light and exciting, should be enjoyed for itself alone. With the former this idea expanded into a scheme for elevating the music, till at length it was of a character to refine as well as delight. That M. Jullien, in carrying it out, sensibly aided in the spread of a musical taste among us, it would be perfectly futile to deny. The art history of our time cannot fail to acknowledge the service rendered by such a means as he presented, in its cheapness, excellence, and freedom, to the gradual diffusion of an improved taste among the million. We can look back, then, with respect to the career of our lost musician, and readily excuse his eccentricities in the presence of his achievements.

Where M. Jullien left his project, Mr. Mellon takes it up. Starting from the platform, as they say in America, of an advanced public appreciation, he has it in his power, it seems to us, to carry out the scheme to its utmost possible results. He can not only give us single nights, but important selections from the best masters, which, combined with good performances, both vocal and instrumental, of the first talent in the country, would gradually expand these concerts into a sort of Philharmonic for the masses. If few will deny this as a great end, as few will be found we are inclined to think, to question the capacity of Mr. Mellon to achieve it. A thorough musician and a good composer, he is perfectly conversant with all the music that is best adapted to his purpose, whilst his long experience as a conductor, both in concert-rooms and theatres, supplies him with the special faculty of conveying his selections in the best form. He has the further advantage of youth, which can combine with art and knowledge the vigour that is so essential both to inspire effort and to sustain it.

It is not to be disguised, however, that such a project demands a certain talent for management as well as musical direction. And we are happy to see that Mr. Mellon is not wanting in indications of capacity in that quarter. He retains, in the first place, the services of the Covent Garden band and chorus, the very first in Europe. He selects for his locality the Floral Hall, and he associates with his enterprise the illustrious name of Prince Galitzin—a nobleman who may be instanced as one of the most striking social phenomena of our time. We had lately occasion to comment on the present



age as one of wonders, and we might here adduce a proof that would of itself sustain our statement. Here is a Russian nobleman of such liberal sympathies that he raises funds for Garibaldi, and of such devotion to the cause of music that he is willing to become a public performer, in order to convey to the English public a just sense of Slavonic genius. Such a fact alone stamps this enterprise with great distinction; and we need not say that, so inaugurated, the Floral Hall Concerts, which propose rather to develope than to resuscitate those of M. Jullien, commenced their essay on Monday evening, with no ordinary success. The performance may be said to have consisted of four distinct features—its orchestral playing—its solo playing—its part singing—and its Russian music. Of these it cannot surprise that the last was the great attraction; and it is only justice to it to say that it deserved the interest it excited. Prince Galitzin's valse and polka, essentially Slavonic in their character, had a vigour and variety that rendered them quite as enjoyable as they were interesting nationally. The "Sanctus," by Bortniansky, was a very able composition; and the gay finale to the Russian opera, which was also the finale to the concert, was as commendable for its dramatic spirit as its instrumental force and skill.

### THE MECHANIC TO HIS SWEETHEART.

BY JOHN PLUMMER.

I know that my hands may be hard and rough,  
That my cheek may be wan and pale,  
But my heart is made of a good sound stuff  
That never will falter or fail;  
And though in the world with my mates I stand,  
To share in the battle of life,  
I take thee, my girl, by thy dainty hand,  
As my own, my bonny sweet wife.

Though never a jewelled wreath may span  
The curls on thy beautiful brow,  
I'll pledge thee my heart and troth as a man,  
And love thee for ever as now;  
And though the bright dreams of love's sunny prime  
Too often the future belie,  
The steep hill of life together we'll climb,  
And conquer our fate, — thou and I!

My coat may be poor, my words be but few,  
Yet there's never an ermin'd king  
Can offer his Queen a present more true  
Than mine of a heart and a ring;  
That tiny gold link with which we may bind  
Our fortunes in one common bond,  
And rear us a home where happiness shrin'd  
May dwell with affection most fond.

What more would we seek? What more would we have?  
What more could fair Nature bestow?  
If, of all her gifts, we ventured to crave  
The richest that mortals might know.  
For aye, dearest girl, shall our wedded love  
Flash — star-like — a-top of our life;  
And never will I a base traitor prove  
To my Heart, my Home, or my Wife!

### LADY ORGANISTS.

[We have been requested to publish the subjoined statement.—Ed.]

A YOUNG lady of talent, who has produced several musical compositions, and having a reputation for ability, good character and conduct, has recently been dismissed from her situation as organist at a well attended District Church, after applying for increase of salary. This lady was educated for the profession under a musician of high repute. Her first appointment was at a Chapel

of Ease about seven miles from London, at a salary of £20 a year. Here she continued for four years, respected by the congregation, and kindly treated by the clergymen. However, finding the distance (nine miles from her residence) was inconvenient, she retired, and obtained an organ at a District Church, newly erected, and nearer to her home. At this latter place she has also remained four years, and during that time has been subjected to much mortification, unusual interference, and harsh treatment.

The services, added to the practising of a choir and instructing the children, necessitate 228 attendances in the year, for £20, or 1s. 9d. each attendance, and occupy a large portion of the organist's time.

The church is, in commercial phrase, a "paying concern," and the incumbency profitable. Some short time since the organist made respectful application to the incumbent and the churchwardens for an increase of salary. The result has been a dismissal and notice to leave from the incumbent, of his own "hoc volo sic jubeo." His power to dismiss an organist paid by the wardens out of church expenses' fund, and one who had given no just cause for removal, is doubted, but will not be contested.

The organist will submit. Nevertheless, in most cases, and, even where the ruling powers are desirous of getting rid of the organist, it is customary to give the party an opportunity of obtaining another situation, and of resigning. Not so in this case. Twenty pounds a year, with a chance of a little teaching, yields but a poor income for a lady's maintenance; and there is much praise due to this class of the under-paid for reserve and delicacy in not wishing their trials and humiliations to be paraded before the public. In this rank stands the young lady in question, and it is to be hoped that her friends will recommend her as a teacher of music and singing, for which she is said to be highly competent.

In the mean time, the subject of church organists and their pay deserves inquiry and consideration.

GRISI AND MARIO — A few days since, our contemporary, the *Globe*, gave a flat denial to the report that Grisi and Mario were engaged by Mr. E. T. Smith, for Her Majesty's Theatre, next season. Subsequently our contemporary makes a retraction of its denial, and acknowledges that there is some foundation for the rumour.

ROYAL ENGLISH OPERA, COVENT GARDEN. — The performances under the Pyne and Harrison management commence in October with Mr. Wallace's *Lurline* — the great success of last season. The first novelty will be the production of Wagner's *Tannhauser* in English; the second, a new opera by Mr. Balfe. It is reported — but we cannot give the report credence — that the performances of English operas will be alternative with Italian operas, for which Mlle. Titiens and Signor Giuglini have been engaged as principal singers.

EASTERN OPERA HOUSE, PAVILION THEATRE. — If few doubted the energy and enterprise of Mr. John Douglas — manager of the Royal Standard and Pavilion Theatres, and great musical and dramatic caterer for the east end of London — none were prepared for the introduction of *bona fide* Italian opera into the *bourgeois* regions of Whitechapel. Mr. Douglas, however, is too cunning to make so lofty an appeal all at once to the tastes and sympathies of his oriental audience; he knew better, and in place of commencing with unadulterated Italian opera, gave them a foretaste, on the opening night, of his Ansonian entertainments, by the performance of *Norma* in English. In short, to speak plainly, Mr. Douglas has opened, his season at the Pavilion Theatre with English and Italian opera alternated, and has provided a numerous, and, in some respects admirable vocal company, with a tolerable band, under the direction of Mr. Isaacson, formerly conductor of the Princess's Theatre, and an efficient chorus.

The theatre has been newly painted and redecorated, and sundry private boxes affixed, to give the interior the veritable operatic air. The house is extremely handsome and commodious, and is well adapted for musical purposes. The company, we have said, is numerous. Mad. Lancia is the *prima donna assoluta*, and Miss Leng the *seconda donna*. Others are announced to appear in due season. As yet these two ladies have had all the leading

business to themselves. The tenors who have already sung, are Mr. Augustus Braham, Mr. W. Parkinson, and Signor Giuletti; the first two in English, the last in Italian opera. The new speculation commenced on Saturday with *Norma*, Mad. Lancia, of course, sustaining the part of the hapless Druid priestess; Mr. Augustus Braham that of Pollio; Miss Leng, Adalgisa; and Mr. Rosenthal, Aroveso. Of Mad. Lancia the readers of the *MUSICAL WORLD* have already heard something. In April, 1858, our own correspondent at Turin wrote us a flaming account of the *début* of Mad. Lancia, an English lady—then only seventeen years of age—in the *Barbière*. Our correspondent wrote evidently under the influence of much excitement. It was certain, however, that the young lady had made a great hit. Mad. Lancia came to London the same summer, but did not create a profound sensation in the concert room. She then went on a starring tour to the provinces, and was very successful both in Italian and English opera. In Dublin and Edinburgh, more especially, she grew into high favour, and some of the local journals attempted to establish comparisons between her and Miss Louisa Pyne and Mlle. Piccolomini, all of which went to assert the superiority of Mad. Lancia. We believe the fair artist also performed last year in a series of operas at the Surrey Theatre. We have now heard Mlle. Lancia twice within the week in *Norma*, and can speak with some confidence as to her powers and capabilities. If style and method alone were to constitute a great singer, Mad. Lancia would, unquestionably, be one of the greatest before the public. Her mode of producing the voice is most admirable, and has evidently been derived from the best Italian teaching. Her voice, a real soprano, is neither particularly full nor sound in quality, not has it yet attained weight to adapt it to the performance of grand parts like *Norma*. It is, nevertheless, a most telling voice, extremely sympathetic, and always full of meaning. When we add that Mad. Lancia—at least as far as we were enabled to judge from two trying performances—invariably sings in tune, it will be acknowledged that the lady's vocal excellences are by no means inconsiderable. Of her merits as an actress we can speak with no less assurance. She is certainly deficient in largeness of style, and wants breadth and power for high tragic parts, as may be easily surmised, considering her youth and her size, which is somewhat *petite*. Her conception of the character, nevertheless, is wonderfully true to nature, is striking, and at times even powerful. Moreover, the lady has great earnestness and feeling, and is as graceful as a fawn. We saw nothing in the whole performance, indeed, which did not please us infinitely, and much which surprised no less than delighted us. Weighing the lady in the scale of our critical consideration, we have no hesitation in saying that she is the best dramatic vocalist we have had on the English stage since Adelaide Kemble. Mad. Lancia is extremely young, and has many things to learn, but that she is destined at this moment to become a great artist is our firm conviction. The Pollio of the first night was Mr. Augustus Braham, who sang the music with much vigour and like a practised artist. The performance of *Pollio*, however, it seems, is alternated by Mr. Augustus Braham and Mr. W. Parkinson, the meaning of which entirely escapes our comprehension, more especially as Mr. Parkinson does not know a note of the music, and could not sing it if he did. Mr. Parkinson has been put into *Pollio*, we may suppose, for no other reason than that he is a great favourite with the public in the locality. Luckily for Mr. Parkinson, the audience on Thursday night was innocent of Count Pepoli's book and Bellini's music. Miss Leng, who played Adalgisa, has a good voice and a vicious style. If she could get rid of her vicious style, her good voice might be turned to considerable advantage. *Lucia di Lammermoor*, in Italian, was performed on Tuesday with Mad. Lancia as Lucy; a new tenor, Signor Giuletti, as Edgardo; and Signor Onorati as Enrico. All we can say of this performance is, that the tenor was no hit. Many operas are in preparation for Mad. Lancia, who, as may be imagined, is becoming better understood and appreciated every successive night. *La Sonnambula* is announced for to-night; *Linda di Chamouni* and *Martha* are being rehearsed. In the meanwhile, it behoves Mr. Douglas to be more careful of his *prima donna*. Singing every night in the week operas like *Norma* and *Lucia* would endanger the constitutions of even Grisi or Titiens.

## The Theatres.

**ADELPHI THEATRE.**—The revival of Mr. Bourcicault's drama, *Janet Pride*, is a judicious step on the part of the Adelphi management. At the old theatre, where most of the plays that constituted the type of what was called a "real Adelphi piece" had been acted so often that the public was familiarised not only with the several plots, but with every incident and every joke, *Janet Pride* appeared as a new specimen of the class, with every attribute by which the old successes had been achieved. A strong domestic interest, situations that with small need of elucidating dialogue appeal at once to the eye, a number of leading personages large above the average, and a good comic character—these are the elements that from early days have obtained the patronage of an enormous public, and they are all to be found in *Janet Pride*. The character of Richard Pride, first the drunkard of humble life, then the fearless bushranger, and, finally, the London scamp aping gentility, has always remained fresh in the memory as one of Mr. Webster's most striking creations, and the fact that he resumes it now is sufficient to render the piece attractive. The drunken scene, as of old, is the most effective connected with the part. That peculiar kind of inebriety that does not arise from any conviviality of disposition, but from a dogged resolution to drown unhappy thoughts, is delineated with wonderful truth in its various oscillations between surly brutality and maudlin grief. The part of Janet Pride is new to Miss Woolgar (Mrs. A. Mellon), who never acted more finely than as this heroine of humble life. The airs of the town-bred coquette, who is most severe in the discharge of her household duties, and most pertinacious in tormenting her lover, while she dotes on him from the depth of her heart, are as natural as possible, and nothing could be more forcible than her passionate appeal to the Court, during the trial scene in the last act. It is a great merit of Miss Woolgar's delineation that even in the most pathetic moments, she never forgets the station of the character. She is still the woman of humble life,—the same whose plebeian style of coquetry has, half-an-hour before, provoked the laughter of the audience. The enamoured Dicky Trotter, violent in all the emotions of love, joy, and grief, to such a degree that he is comic even when heart-broken, is played with free, genuine humour by Mr. J. L. Toole, whose efficiency as a leading low comedian seems constantly increasing. Mr. Selby, excellent as the old French watchmaker, which is one of his best characters, and Mr. Paul Bedford as the ruffian of the Australian bush, with a song of the Blueskin school, are, of course, welcome apparitions.

**ST. JAMES'S.**—After a series of benefit performances, the St. James's Theatre has launched itself into a regular "summer season." The programme is of a somewhat varying character, as far as the earlier portion of the evening's amusement is concerned, but there is a permanent attraction in Mr. Planché's excellent burlesque, *Fortunio*, which has been produced with no small degree of care. Miss Clara St. Casso is the smartest and most dapper of knight-adventurers, deporting herself with the most amusing confidence, and singing to the best purpose; and Mr. Joseph Robins abounds in grotesque "fun" as the terrible Emperor, who bullies everybody and finds such constant difficulty in keeping his imperial word. A good chorus and an excellent *corps de ballet* also do good service to the burlesque.

**THE HIPPOPOTAMUS.**—(From the Times.)—The hippopotamus in the Regent's Park is so fond of concealing every part of its person save its extremely ugly face, which usually appears on the surface of the water, like an ill-favoured bubble, that the public may fairly welcome a specimen of the rare genus forced to abide on dry land, and consequently to take that direction of its amphibious nature which it seems most anxious to avoid. A hippopotamus placed under these circumstances is now exhibited at the Alhambra Palace, where its slow walk round the arena contrasts wonderfully with the rapid feats of the Brotaers Berri, likewise amphibious beings, inasmuch as they divide their existence between earth and air. It is not too much to say that the tame hippopotamus in Leicester Square is one of the tardiest creatures ever witnessed. The surprise it occasions is precisely the reverse of that which was expressed by the Indian who saw bottled stout opened for the first time, and declared that his admiration was caused, not by the escape of the foaming liquor, but by his reflections on the immense difficulty that must have accompanied its incarceration. We are not so much surprised by the tameness of the animal as we are puzzled to imagine how a creature, raised to such an infinite power of piggishness, could ever have been wild. As some peoples seem

to have been fitted by nature for constitutional government, so does the hippopotamus seem to fall with the greatest facility into that peculiar kind of civilisation which consists in doing nothing. If we may apply to virtues the categories which are commonly applied to sins, we may say that those of the hippopotamus are all of omission. It is admirable, not for what it does, but for what it leaves undone. It allows a bulky gentleman of colour to thrust his head into its mouth without attempting his decapitation; it permits him also to ride on its back without trying to throw him off; nay, it listens to a comic song sung in its honour by Mr. Tom Matthews, and, though the pleasantry is somewhat of the dullest, it does not give the least sign of impatience. Altogether an exceedingly docile and well-mannered beast.

**DRURY LANE THEATRE.**—For the forthcoming season, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Mathews, Mr. Lambert (from Australia), Mrs. Frank Matthews, Mrs. and Miss Stirling are engaged, and will form part of Mr. E. T. Smith's company, to appear in a new drama from the pen of Mr. Thomas Taylor. Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kean perform here early in February, to be followed by Mr. Gustavus Brooke.

**CRYSTAL PALACE.**—Mr. F. Strange was fortunate in hitting upon one of the finest days of the entire summer for his annual benefit, which took place on Thursday. The entertainments, as last year, were of a novel and various description, including a concert by popular artists, with songs by the "inimitable" Mackney and the more imitable Sam Collins, performances by the band of the Coldstream Guards, racing on the cricket-ground, balloon race, display of the whole series of the great fountains, stick-play, boxing, high jumping, putting the stones, the broad-sword exercise by the Second Life Guards, ventriloquism, organ performance, Sinclair's magic, and magnificent fireworks. The Concert took place at two o'clock in the new concert-room, under the direction of Mr. Manns. Every seat was filled. The singers were Miss Emily Gresham, Miss Leffler, Miss Rebecca Isaacs, Miss Eliza Hughes, Miss Jane Palmer, Mrs. Lee, Messrs. George Tedder, L. Thomas, F. Scotson Clarke, and Montgomery. Miss Emily Gresham was encored in the air from *Lurline*, "Take this cup of sparkling wine," and "Coming through the rye,"—the last not accepted—Miss Leffler, in "The Skipper and his Boy," and Miss Rebecca Isaacs in "Logie o' Buchan." The visitors numbered between 16,000 and 17,000.

**NORWICH FESTIVAL.**—On Monday week there was a general rehearsal of the principals at the Queen's Concert Rooms, Hanover Square. Mr. Benedict's *Undine* was gone through, Mr. and Mrs. Weiss sustaining the solo parts in it. Incomplete as such a performance must necessarily be, we are still enabled, even from this very inadequate development of its merits, to give an estimate of the value of this production as a work of art, and that estimate we are happy to say, is of an unequivocally favourable character. The main design, and the constituent ideas, as well as all that pertains to practical elaboration, give token of high musical genius, no less than of consummate skill in the nice adjustment of instruments, and the artistic production of effects. Herr Molique's *Abraham* has also had a trial, but without the solo singers. Mr. Benedict went to Norwich on the 22nd, for the purpose of conducting rehearsals of the local band and chorus. He remained a week, and was present at four rehearsals—of *Abraham*, the *Last Judgment*, the *Dettingen* "Te Deum," and *Undine*, *Armida*, and the *May Queen*.

**CHELSEA (From a Correspondent).**—On the 15th inst. (August), a concert was given in the Oakley Assembly Rooms "for the benefit of a Professor of Music in adverse circumstances," for which occasion the services of the following artistes were kindly given:—Miss Clari Fraser, Mrs. Robert Paget, Mr. George Tedder, Mr. Kenny, and Mr. Alexander Thornley, assisted by the Chelsea Glee Club. Solo, Pianoforte, Miss Ward; accompanist, Mr. H. Parker. Conductor, Mr. John Davis. An excellent programme was provided, and the artists acquitted themselves in a manner which elicited well-merited applause and many encores. Mr. Alexander Thornley, a new bass, possessing a

voice of excellent quality, sang "I am a roamer," at once effectively and correct. The programme contained the following favourite Gleees by Martin:—"Auld Lang Syne," "Haste ye soft gales," "The Evening Star," "Our Saxon Fathers," which were well rendered. There was a good attendance, and we doubt not a satisfactory pecuniary result; and much credit is due to Mr. Lane, the promoter of the concert, for his laudable exertions in the cause, as well as for his valuable assistance in the vocal department (his voice being a capable alto).

**MR. AND MRS. BOURCICAULT** have returned from Paris. A new piece by Mr. Bourcicault is now in active rehearsal, under his immediate superintendence, at the Adelphi Theatre.

**MEYERBEER** is taking the waters, not at Spa, but at Schwalbach.

**MR. HOWARD PAUL** gave his entertainment on Wednesday evening, for the benefit of the Lying-in-Hospital, Birmingham, and has handed over a handsome sum to that institution.

### TESTIMONIAL TO THE ORGANIST OF LEEDS TOWNHALL.

Tenbury, May 8, 1860.

I have great pleasure in stating my conviction that of all persons I know Mr. Wm. Spark is the most fitted for the post of organist of the townhall at Leeds; for no one has so many opportunities as he has had of making himself thoroughly master of all the many and complicated resources and splendid musical effects which are the characteristic features of that magnificent instrument, in the handling of which he has proved himself so successful an adept. I should be truly sorry to hear that the post in question had fallen into other hands, for I retain a vivid and delightful recollection of the judicious and talented way in which Mr. Spark showed off the various beauties of the townhall organ when I visited it last winter, and I am quite sure it would be difficult, if not impossible, to do better justice to it, and very full of risk to entrust it to other and less experienced performers.

I therefore cordially wish Mr. Spark all success.

FREDERICK GORE OUSELEY,  
Prof. Mus., Oxon., and Precentor of Hereford.

**DEATH OF FLEXMORE, THE CLOWN.**—The pantomime-loving public will learn with regret that Mr. Richard Flexmore, the well-known clown, died on Monday night, of atrophy, at his residence, Hercules-buildings, Lambeth, in the thirty-eighth year of his age. Mr. Flexmore may be said to have commenced life as a pantomimist, for at the early age of eleven years he made his first appearance at a small theatre which then existed at Chelsea, in a fantastic piece called *The Man in the Moon*. He danced very effectively a burlesque shadow dance. He subsequently became a pupil of Mr. Frampton, and showed great aptitude for stage business in his own peculiar line. He was especially celebrated for his close and natural imitation, *à la Clown*, of the leading terpsichoreans of the day, such as Perrot, Carlotta Grisi, Taglioni, Cerito, &c., and in these imitations none laughed more heartily or enjoyed them more than the originals who happened to witness them. He married Mlle. Auriol, and both himself and his wife, who survives him, became great favourites with the public. His last appearance before the public was for a benefit at the Surrey Theatre, either in March or April.—*Express*.

**THEATRICALS IN NEW YORK.**—It is only natural that we should take an interest in the dramatic progress of our Anglo-Saxon brethren on the western edge of the Atlantic; and it is observable, as we look over the columns of the New York journals, that in spite of the very large admixture of the German and the French element in the population, there is still a vast affinity with what may be considered thoroughly English tastes. Some, indeed, trench even upon the floor of the "Nursery;" for at Niblo's Garden, New York, and in one of their finest theatres, *Blue Beard* some time since was drawing crowded audiences—a Mr. Nixon,



the lessee, having "mounted" this mediæval legend with unusual splendour. The number of ladies who thronged to this spectacular exhibition is very great—a fact for which it is not easy to account, seeing that the hero is one of the least sufferable of domestic tyrants. Let us, however, charitably attribute their curiosity to pity for his victims. At the theatre called after, and belonging to, Miss Laura Keane, a higher quality of dramatic performance has been the staple—resembling in some sort that of our own Adelphi. The recent season was exceedingly successful. The name of Wallack revives many associations with the dramatic past of London; but the old English favourite has become thoroughly Americanised as the proprietor of the popular theatre under his name in New York—a theatre in which there is said to exist a wonderful perfection of *mise-en-scène*. The Bowery is another favourite place of resort, though not so fashionable as those before named, and we can hardly institute a comparison between it and any London establishment. Something between the Folies Dramatiques of Paris and the London Lyceum, will perhaps give the best notion of it. This, as well as the New Bowery, possesses some clever comedians, one of them, a Mrs. Allen, very pretty and accomplished, being the star at the former establishment. But we must not forget that the New Yorkists are proud of their Opera, and that they lavish large sums upon their Academy of Music. For the most part they have not recently been fortunate in assembling first-rate talent at this grand establishment, although the temptation to cross the Atlantic is sufficiently great as far as emolument is concerned. At the present time, one young lady who appears to be almost as much American as Italian, takes the lead, and is decidedly the "Pet of the Public"—we allude to Mlle. Angelica Patti. Our republican friends are not so easily pleased by names as many imagine. Nay, although they extend much toleration to singers, who would here be classed only as fourth-rate, they cannot, and do not, forget the comparisons they have been enabled to institute with a Lind, a Grisi, an Alboni, or a Bosio (whom, by the way, they were the first to appreciate).

**DISCOVERY OF OLD MUSIC.**—The Minister of Public Instruction in Modena, having been informed that there existed some pieces of music of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, mice-gnawn and worm-eaten, in the Palatine Library, and that another collection equally valuable was stored in the National Palace, has ordered them to be put together and preserved. M. Angelo Cotelani, master of the Cathedral Chapel and conservator of the library, much experienced in bibliography and musical literature, has been recently ordered by the Government to draw up a catalogue of these musical works, among which are many of the famed Stradella, many having been never published. This catalogue, accompanied by biographic, bibliographic, and historic notes, is to be published to the world.—*Builder*.

**HOOD'S JOKES ON HIMSELF.**—The very fingers, so aristocratically slender, that now hold the pen, hint plainly at "the ills that flesh is heir to;" my coats have become great-coats, my pantaloons are turned into trousers, and by a worse bargain than Peter Schlemehl's I seem to have retained my shadow and sold my substance. In short, as happens to prematurely old port wine, I am of a bad colour with very little body. I am working nevertheless, with pen and pencil, in spite of the M.D.'s, who ordered me to do nothing; but I found it so hard to do I preferred writing and drawing. Besides which, for all my ill-lookingness, there is one man coming to draw me, another to model me, as if I were fat enough to *bust*. Luckily, I am capital at sitting just now, and not bad at lying; as to walking or standing, I am as feeble almost as a baby on my pins, which, by the way, have dwindled into needles.—*Memoirs of Hood*.

**THE SUBJECTIVE AND THE OBJECTIVE.**—*Othello* is perhaps the greatest work in the world. From what does it derive its power? From the clouds? From the ocean? From the mountains? Or from love strong as death, and jealousy cruel as the grave? What is it that we go forth to see in "Hamlet?" Is it a reed shaken with the wind? A small celandine? A bed of daffodils? Or is it to contemplate a mighty and wayward mind laid bare before us to the inmost recesses?

It may perhaps be doubted whether the lakes and the hills are better fitted for the education of a poet than the dusky streets of a huge capital. Indeed, who is not tired to death with pure description of scenery? Is it not the fact, that external objects never strongly excite our feeling but when they are contemplated in reference to man, as illustrating his destiny, or as influencing his character.—*Macaulay*.

**ANTIQUITY OF CARDS.**—In Hindostan, the tradition is, that cards were known in that country at a remote period,—upwards of a thousand years ago; but I have not been able to learn that they are mentioned in any Hindostanee work of an early date; and I am informed, on the authority of the Sanscrit professor at Oxford, that there is no Sanscrit word for playing-cards. This last fact is, however, of but little weight as negative evidence of cards being unknown in Hindostan a thousand years ago; for long before that time, Sanscrit had become obsolete as a vernacular language. In China, if any credit can be attached to the two dictionaries, or rather cyclopedias, of the greatest authority in that country, "dotted cards" were invented in 1120, in the reign of Seun-ho, and began to be common in the reign of Kaou-tsang, who ascended the throne in 1131. Cards—*carte*—are mentioned in an Italian work, said to have been composed by Sandro di Pipozzo, in 1299; but as the MS. is not of an earlier date than 1400, there is good reason for concluding the word to be an interpolation, seeing that in several works in the earlier part of the fourteenth century, which had been cited to show that cards were then known in Europe, it has been discovered that the term cards was an interpolation introduced at a later period by a transcriber. The author of the "Guldin Spil," a work written about the middle of the fifteenth century, and printed at Ansburg, in 1472, says that he had read that the game of cards was first brought into Germany in 1300. No fact, however, confirmatory of the correctness of this account, has been discovered; and the omission of all notice of cards by European authors of the earlier half of the fourteenth century, even when expressly treating of the games in vogue at that period, may be received as good negative evidence of their not being then known as a popular game in Europe: "*De non apparentibus et non existentibus eadem est ratio*." Admitting cards to be of eastern invention, it would seem that they first became known in Europe, as a popular game, between 1360 and 1390. Covelluzzo, an Italian chronicler of the fifteenth century, says, that the game was first brought into Viterbo in 1379; in 1393, three packs of cards were painted by Jacquem Gringonneur, for the amusement of Charles VI. of France; in 1397, the working people of Paris were forbid to play at cards on working days; and, in the same year, card playing was prohibited by the magistrates of Ulm. Such are the principal facts relative to the introduction of cards into Europe. The game appears to have been rapidly spread amongst all classes of people. The manufacture of cards was a regular business in Germany and Italy prior to 1425; the importation of foreign cards into England was prohibited by act of parliament in 1463; and about 1484, cards, as at present, was a common Christmas game.—*Chatto's History of Playing Cards*.

**SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS AND HIS EAR TRUMPETS.**—Sir Martin used to relate, what struck him as a singular fact in reference to the President's deafness—an infirmity which, as is well-known, compelled, or suggested, in his case, the constant use of an ear trumpet. While at breakfast, and during the long-protracted interview which accompanied and followed that meal, the conversation with his visitors was carried on in the ordinary tone, without any assistance from the acoustic tube, or any indication of imperfect hearing on the part of Sir Joshua. During the morning, however, they were not unfrequently interrupted by the entrance of a servant, with a message or some communication that required his master's attention and oral reply; and on each of such occasions the appearance of a third person was the signal for the President to snatch up his trumpet and resume a look of anxious inquiry and uncertain comprehension befitting the real or supposed defect of his auricular powers.—*Life of Sir Martin Archer Shee*.

**A POSSIBLE CONSTRUCTION.**—Abernethy once said to a rich but dirty patient, who consulted him about an eruption, "Let your servant bring to you three or four pails of water and put it into a washtub; take off your clothes, get into it, and rub yourself well with soap and a rough towel, and you'll recover." "This advice seems very much like telling me to wash myself," said the patient. "Well," said Abernethy, "it may be open to such a construction."

**MACAULAY AND MRS. BEECHER STOWE.**—Notwithstanding Macaulay's reputation for conversational power, he appears to have uttered few *bon mots*, to have made few conversational points which are repeated and remembered. One of the very few good stories current of him is the following: It is said that he met Mrs. Beecher Stowe at Sir Charles

Trevelyan's, and rallied her on her admiration of Shakspeare. "Which of his characters do you like the best?" said he. "Desdemona," said the lady. "Ah, of course," was the reply, "for she was the only one who ran after a black man."—*Once a Week.*

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